

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal.

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Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

W. P. WALTON, Editor and Proprietor.
T. R. WALTON, Business Manager.

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Hoffenstein on Poor People.

"Hoffenstein," said Hoffenstein, as he glanced over a book in which he kept small accounts, "has dot shoomaker vat keeps de corner around baid vot he owes de shoomer?"

"No, Mr. Hoffenstein," replied the clerk, "but I think he will. He has a good man, if he has poor." "Dot may be so, Hoffenstein, but you had better watch him. Don't let him get no more on credit. You must always dink a man is a ragal undit he says vat he owes; if you don't, you will lose money by dinking he has good. My gr-gracious, Hoffenstein, I have seen plenty of poor men vat was good. They would get dings at my store on credit and spend deir gash mit some voo else. Vetch de shoomaker, Hoffenstein; I haf been poor myself vooce."

"De shoomaker, Mieser Hoffenstein," said the clerk, "would haf baid pevore dis, if he don't haf been so poor."

"Put he don't got no piness being dot vay!" replied Hoffenstein. "A man vat was poor, Hoffenstein, don't can blame no voo but himself. Voo don't he got velly like odder beebies? If a man was satisfied mit being poor, he don't can pe vort anything, you know. Ven I was bedding, I went to a velly merchant to get some goods on credit. He don't let me haf dem, and I doid him dat I was honest, if I was a poor man. Vat you dinks, Hoffenstein? he says, 'My friend, vat do deir lege vas shiekling de vinders out?' Dot experience, Hoffenstein, learned me dot a poor man don't haf got influence enough to make de dogs bark at him, and so I went to work. Dree year after dot, I haf a dry goods store und vas bresident of a political association. My gr-gracious, Hoffenstein, never want to pe a poor man! De only ding vat a poor man can get vas religion, and he wouldn't get dot if it cost anything. Regollected dot berateretore in piness vill make you velly, und dot if you vail in de right vay dere vas money in it. Ven I went to Simon Kraus man, my wife's uncle, and I says, 'Simon, I dink I vill vail; dere vas no money in de piness any longer.' 'Reuben,' he says, 'de poyas vas bay-ing as high as twenty cents, dis year, und I dink you pedder vait.' I doid him advice, Hoffenstein, und next year, ven dey vas only bay-ing ten cents, I vailed, und made oter vour dousand tollars. Shust dink v'it! Now, dere vas Solomon Oppenheimer, who put a leedle store up avay out in Arganas, und de country for fifteen miles around vas so poor dot all de vices vent avay. Vell, he haf his store dere, und vor zexx years he vailed in piness, und now Solomon owns a couple av prick stores in Houston, Texas. He made all v'it dot by his berference. Dink of it, Hoffenstein, und vito you dink of it, doid let de shoomaker v'it vas talking about got vay mitoud bay-ing vat he owes."

The Gotthard railway proper is 113 miles long, and there are in all not less than 50 tunnels, comprising more than one-fifth of the whole line, many of these tunnels being also constructed in spirals, to enable the road to make very great ascents within short distances. The main tunnel is nine and one fourth miles long, and others exceed 6,000 feet in length; the width of the great tunnel is 26 feet.

A man at a hotel fell the whole length of a flight of stairs. Servants rushed to pick him up. They asked him if he was hurt. "No," he replied; "not at all. I am used to coming down that way. I'm a life insurance agent."

The Knights of Honor in the United States distributed last year to the families of deceased members the sum of \$2,250,000 and this at a cost of \$3,500, or about one-seventh of one per cent.

"New rope for halteres may," says the Ohio Farmer, "be rendered permanently limber and soft, by boiling two hours in water and then drying in a warm room."

H. A. Lyons, Louisville, Ky., says "I used Brown's Iron Bitters for dyspepsia and indigestion; it is the best remedy I ever tried."

Harmonious Principles.

The New York Sun has laid down the following planks for Democracy, which it denominates "Harmonious Principles":

I. Let the tariff be for revenue. It will then be protective also.

II. Let the revenue tariff be the only source of revenue.

III. Let all internal taxes be abolished at once, except only the tax on spirits.

IV. Let the tax on spirits be retained only to meet the necessity of means to pay arrangements of pensions. When these arrangements are provided for the spirit tax be likewise abolished.

Mies Lillie Wall, of Irwin county, Ga., was dangerously ill for several days, and the doctors quietly informed her father, Mr. Jasper Wall, that his daughter could not possibly live. Going to the bedside and viewing her sadly, the father said: "My darling child, you are obliged to die, but I only hope that I may die first." Shortly after he went into convulsions and was soon dead, followed three hours later by his daughter.

When sinners have supposed themselves to be dying and professed to be converted, but afterwards have unexpectedly recovered, in most cases they have lived as they did before. This is the general opinion of pastors who have seen those supposed deathbed conversions, as reported by the Christian Advocate.

A rural typo, in setting up a farm item made it read "the temperature of the soul depends upon its humidity," and when the editor came in with his wet boots on and lifted the wretch out into the soil of the adjoining pig pen he had time to reflect upon the difference between soul and soil.

An observing man has noticed that shoemakers are careless about the shoes they wear, batters about their hats, and tailors about their clothing. This probably explains why some ministers are personally careless about their religion.

James G. Parkinson, a deaf and dumb lawyer of the Cincinnati bar, has been admitted to practice before the Supreme Court, being the first mute ever enrolled at that bar.

At a stenographic exhibition in Paris 24 different systems of shorthand are on view. Among other curiosities there is a postcard containing 44,000 words.

In Paris the number of illegitimate children born is 50 per cent. of the whole number, and in Vienna 57 per cent.

J. H. Green, Louisville, says: "Brown's Iron Bitters gave me speedy relief from a long continued attack of dyspepsia."

SCIENCE IS PROGRESS.

To scientists, again, we owe the idea of progress. The ancients, said Taghott, "had no conception of progress; they did not so much as reject the idea; they are not even entertained by it." It is not, I think, now going too far to say that the test of civilization of a nation must be measured by its progress in science. It is often said, however, that, great and unexpected as the recent discoveries have been, there are certain ultimate problems which must ever remain unsolved. For my part, I would prefer to abstain from laying down any such limitations. When Park asked the Arabs what became of the sun at night, and whether the sun was always the same or new each day, they replied that such a question was childish and beyond the reach of human investigation. Even as late as 1845 so high an authority as Comte treated as obviously impossible and hopeless any attempt to determine the chemical composition of the heavenly bodies. Doubtless there are questions the solution of which we do not as yet see our way even to attempt; nevertheless the experience of the past warns us not to limit the possibilities of the future.—Sir John Lubbock before the British Association.

MEET HART.

Francis Bret Hart was born at Albany, N. Y., in 1837. At 17 he went to California, where he taught school, became a miner and then a compositor in a newspaper office at Eureka, Nev. Returning to San Francisco, he was a compositor, and afterward editor of the Golden Era. He held positions successively in the Surveyor General's office, the United States Marshal's office and the French Mint, and was concerned in the management of the Californian. He became widely known by his poems and characteristic pictures of California life in the Overland Monthly, founded and edited by him in July, 1868. Since then he has published several volumes of stories, sketches and poetry. Hart now lives in England.

All diseases resulting from self-abuse, as nervous debility, mental anxiety, depression of spirit and functional derangement of nervous system, cured by German Ligatorator. See advertisement. For sale by Penny & McAllister.

Miss Ellen Mason, of Boston, Ill., writes that Brown's Expecto-rant cured her of a severe cold after everything else had failed. For sale by Penny & McAllister, Stanford, and W. M. Weber, Mt. Vernon.

George W. Kibbel, of Blue Mound, Ill., writes that Brown's Expecto-rant cured him of a severe cold after everything else had failed. For sale by Penny & McAllister, Stanford, and W. M. Weber, Mt. Vernon.

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PLEASANTRIES.

Smoking disaster—An earthquake. (Ghosts must come from some man's brain.)

Smelling salts—Sailors trying to discover a place where whisky is sold.

The Arabic for cat is "git." That ought to be the English of it, too—Git too?

PERSONAL—John, come back; all is forgiven! I've kicked the wrong man. He did not know it was you, Stella.

SOME one who has been there remarks that a young author lives in an attic because one is rarely able to live on his first story.

THE reason that a baggage man recently hauled himself from a fourth-story window was that he was insane, and thought he was a trunk.

"What makes you look so deathly sick, Tommy?" "Well, the fac' 't the matter is, I've been taking my first chew, and I am only an amateur."

A DUBLIN newspaper contained the following: "I heretofore want all persons from trusting my wife, Ellen Flanagan, on my account, as I am not married to her."

"No," said the cashier, "I didn't need the money. I wasn't speculating. I had no necessity for stealing it. But, hang it! I didn't want to be called eccentric."

Nor too funny: "Two was selected enough, but dree vas too plenty," remarked Haus, when his best girl asked him to take her mother along with them to a dance.

Niagara Falls is so brilliantly illuminated by the electric light every evening that, after paying the hackman, you can easily see whether there is anything left in your pocket.

It is rather unpleasant to hear a public speaker remark, "My friends, I wish to say a few words on this occasion—ar," etc.; but then we must remember that to us is human.

An Eastern man started a gorgeous "billiard parlor" out West, but neglecting a liberal supply of apertures it was said his establishment did not come up to the public expectation.

The New Haven Register gives the following excellent directions as to how to tell a good onion: "Hire your best girl to eat it raw, and then call upon her. If the onion is good your stay will be short."

It is feared that the enormous manufacture of wooden toothpicks is utterly destroying the forests of America; but, then, the young man who spends all his salary for good clothes must have something to eat.

A French writer remarks, "if a lady says to you, 'I can never love you,' wait a little longer; all hope is not lost. But if she says, 'No one has more sincere wishes for your happiness than I, take your hat.'"

A SOUTH AMERICAN plant has been found that cures baldness. It should be proudly tried on the man who leaves the hotel by the back window because he is too diffident to say good-by to the cashier and clerk.

STANLEY PETE.

Everything living, however small and insignificant it appears, is susceptible to kindness. In a Massachusetts town there is a young woman who has made quite a number of the piscatorial inhabitants of a pond her most intimate friends. She makes daily visits to the pond, carrying a generous supply of food. Any one of the fish, turbot, frog, etc., will eat out of the lady's hand, and allow themselves to be handled without betraying the least fear. The most familiar of this colony is a large eel, over three feet long, which will permit himself to be taken from the water and toyed with at pleasure, the only consideration being that his head alone shall remain in the water. Among her other acquaintances are two snapping-turtles, who seem to relish the terms of familiarity.

FISH IN THE OLDEN TIME.

In London in the old time the market price of fish was rearranged by authority. Edward III., for instance, issued very stringent regulations for keeping down prices; while the profits of all fishmongers were to be no more than a penny in the shilling. The following were the market prices: Mackerel, one penny, and turbot sixpence each; soles, twelve for threepence; pickled herrings, one penny per dozen; oysters, twopence per gallon, and eels four pence per 100. No fish were allowed to be sold that had been more than one day out of the water.

It is worthy of notice that very few men distinguish themselves as editors, who do not first of all serve a patient apprenticeship, either as subordinate writers or as the conductors of unimportant publications. Experience shows that there is a good deal more to be mastered than the art of writing well. It is in this sense that journalism is called a profession.

NEVADA has about 1,000,000 acres of salt land, and could supply the whole earth if necessary. Beside this she has about 1,000,000 acres of soda and brimstone deposits, sufficient to run hoes for the next 100,000 years.

Kate Field is among the first women to advocate cremation.

BROTHER GARDNER ON HONESTY.

If I should find a perfectly honest man—honest in his expressions, honest in his dealings, sincere in his statements—I shouldn't like him. He would be a loathsome object in his sign. He would look to me in vain for companionship. While I believe that honesty is de bono policy, I don't look to see it practiced beyond a certain limit. When I trade mules with a man I kinder like to doubt his still.

I want to feel that he am keepin' still 'bout de ring-bones an' spavins, an' dat de beast he says am jist truin' fo' ten y'ars will neiber see his 21st birthday no moar. If am monotonous to deal wid a man who am perfectly honest, if I lend a man money I want him to be honest 'nuff to return it, but if he kin trade me a watch worth \$3 for a gun worth seven I shall think none de less of him. If men were so sincere dat we felt obliged to believe whatever dey asserted we should hev no use fur theories an' arguments. When I gib my note I expect to pay it. When I ax a man how he would like to trade his wheelbarrow for my dog I'm not gwine to inform him dat Caesar an' all haik an' no bite, an' he am not gwine to tell me dat he borrowed dat wheelbarrow in de night an' forgot to return it. If a grocer leaves me in charge of his sto' I'm gwine to sot fur half an hour beside a box of herrings an' keep my hands in my pockets all de time. Yet, if dat same man sells me a pound of tea he expects me to try an' pass off on him a half-dollar wid a hole in it.

Continued, my friends, to believe dat honesty am de bono policy, but don't expect too much of so-called honest men. You kin trust men wid your wallet who would borrow a pitch-fork an' neiber return it. You kin lend your horse to a man who would elect you blind in tralin' o'clocks. You kin send home a pair of dead ducks at noon-day by a man who would steal your live chickens at midnight. When I lend my naylor Mocha coffee I like to wonder if he won't pay it back in Rio. When de ole woman buys kaliker on a guarantee she rather hopes it will fade in de washin'. I solemnly believe dat de world am honest nuff jist as it am. When you gin your word stick to it if it busts de bank. When you do a job of work do it well. When you make a debt pay it. Any man who am no' honest dan dat will want you to cut a penny in two to make out his shilling; he will ring you up at midnight to return your monso-trap; he will take one shingle from your bunch an' offer you de one-hundredth part of what de bunch cost; he will borrow your boot-jack an' insist dat you borrow his washboard to offset it.—Detroit Free Press.

DOLLY.

Rag, wood and india-rubber, china, composition and wax—we can imagine the immense doll population gathering about us, impatient for attention, and all leaning up against each other, for it is a peculiarity of doll physique that, as regards standing up independently in the world, a doll is numatched for helplessness by anything under the sun—except a soda-water bottle. The weak point of the primitive rag baby was the human face divine in colored china, until at last it has been painted on white calico. The wooden genera of the family had an objectionable stare, and were too liable to be scalped. The china cousins suffered from fragile noses (and heads) and an unnatural shining skin. India-rubber got over the danger of breakage, but the immortals have, like old Tithonus, the gift of life with the gift of youth forgotten, and, the period of doll existence being over, their washed-out Kaffir complexion is frightful to see. Composition with a thin skin of wax is most popular in nursery society, but the elite of dolls will ever be the waxen fair ones endowed with human hair. All dolls' hair has at least one human property—that of falling off. But, fortunately, human baldness is a gradual sorrow; not like poor dolly's, one shock of consternation. This is a most trying misfortune to a doll-loving child. A creature with only one eye, one leg and one arm may still be cherished, but a scalped doll is a monstrosity. Yet even greater defects than this can be cured; indeed, medical science pales beside the wonders done in a London "Doll's Hospital." "What a beautiful doll!" we once remarked to a communicative-looking little stranger. "Yes," said the communicative little one proudly, "and this is her second head!"—Chambers' Journal.

AMONG the Athenians the perforation of the ears was a mark of nobility; with the Hebrews and Romans it indicated servitude.

FORTY-NINE out of every fifty beggars are rank swindlers and base impostors, and yet the average beggar collects about 70 cents per day.

PILES! PILES! PILES!

Dr. Jennings' New Discovery for Piles is a radical change from the old remedies heretofore known. The discovery is the result of patient scientific study and investigation into the character of this painful disease. To overcome you of its great merit, call on Penny & McAllister, Stanford, or W. M. Weber, Mt. Vernon, and get a sample box free of charge.

Miss Ellen Mason, of Boston, Ill., says her physician cured her of a hopeless consumptive, but four bottles of Brown's Expecto-rant cured her. For sale by Penny & McAllister, Stanford, and W. M. Weber, Mt. Vernon.

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For Dyspepsia, Constiveness, Sick Headache, Chronic Diarrhoea, Jaundice, Impurity of the Blood, Fever and Ague, Malaria, and all Diseases caused by Derangement of Liver, Bowels and Kidneys.

SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR.

SYMPTOMS OF A DISORDERED LIVER. Bad Breath; Pain in the Side, sometimes the pain is felt under the Shoulder Blade, mistakes for Rheumatism; general loss of appetite; Bowels generally constipated, sometimes alternating with lax; the head is troubled with pain, it dull and heavy, with considerable loss of memory, accompanied with a painful sensation of tearing and some itching which ought to have been done; a slight, dry cough and flushed face is sometimes an attendant, often mistaken for consumption; the patient complains of weakness and debility; nervous, easily startled; feet cold burning; sometimes a prickly sensation of the skin exists; spirits are low and despondent, and, although satisfied that exercise would be beneficial, yet one can hardly summon up fortitude to try it—in fact, distaste every remedy. Several of the above symptoms exist in almost every case have occurred when but few of them existed, yet examination after death has shown the Liver to have been extensively deranged.

It should be used by all persons, old and young, whenever any of the above symptoms appear.

Persons Traveling or Living in Unhealthy Localities, by taking a dose occasionally to keep the Liver in healthy action, will avoid all Malaria, Bilious attacks, Diarrhoea, Nausea, Drowsiness, Depression of Spirits, etc. It will invigorate like a glass of wine, but is no intoxicating beverage.

If you have eaten anything hard of digestion, or feel heavy after meals, or sleepless at night, take a dose and you will be relieved.

Time and Doctors' Bills will be saved by always keeping the Regulator in the House!

For whatever the ailment may be, a thoroughly safe, purgative, alterative and tonic can never be out of place. The remedy is harmless and does not interfere with business or pleasure.

IT IS PURELY VEGETABLE. And has all the power and efficacy of Calomel or Quinine, without any of the injury after effects.

A Governor's Testimony. Simmons' Liver Regulator has been in use in my family for some time, and I am satisfied it is a valuable addition to the medical science.

Hon. Alexander H. Stephens, of Ga., says: "I have derived some benefit from the use of Simmons' Liver Regulator, and wish to give it a further trial."

"The only thing that never fails to relieve," I have used many remedies for Dyspepsia, Liver Affection and Debility, but never have found anything so beneficial as the Simmons' Liver Regulator. I send from Minnesota to Georgia for it, and would send further for such a medicine, and would advise all who are similarly affected to give it a trial as it seems the only thing that never fails to relieve."

F. M. JAMES, Minneapolis, Minn.

Dr. T. W. Mason says: "From actual experience in the use of Simmons' Liver Regulator in my practice I have been and am satisfied to use and prescribe it as a purgative medicine."

"Take only the Genuine, which always bears the red Z Trade-Mark" (Trade-Mark of H. ZEIGLER & CO.)

BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

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M. M. BEYTON, ATTORNEY AT LAW, STANFORD, KY. Will practice in the Courts of Lincoln and adjoining counties and the Superior Court and Court of Appeals. Special attention given to collections. Office on Lancaster Street.

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J. B. FISH, ATTORNEY AT LAW, AND MASTER COMMISSIONER ROCKCASTLE CIRCUIT COURT, MT. VERNON, KY. Will practice in the Rockcastle Courts. Collections a specialty. Office in Court-house. [126]

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Representative Newspaper of the South.

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—AND— THE SPIRIT OF SUBSIDY!

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MANY TIMES LARGER

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ESPECIAL FEATURES Are: Telegraphic reports from all the leading points in the United States and Europe, Serial and Short Stories, Talkative Sermons the day after delivery in Brooklyn, Paterson, Market Reports, Answer to Correspondents' Department, Poetry and Department for Children. No House in the Country should be without it.

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Size of Stage, 20x30. Night comedian acts of 300-400. Seating capacity, including gallery, 600. Reasonable rates to good attractions. Address as above.

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Drugs, Books, Stationery and Fancy Articles.

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JEWELERS! Largest Stock of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry & Silverware

Ever brought to this market. Prices lower than the lowest. Watches, Clocks and Jewelry repaired on short notice and warranted.

The editor of this paper is again sick and confined to his bed, and as the (business manager,) were not prepared for the emergency, will have to ask our readers to excuse the very poor paper which we have to lay before them this morning.

ADDITIONAL particulars of the Thompson-Davis tragedy confirm us in our first opinion, that it was a fearful crime, committed by a man who chose to believe a disreputable woman to the wife of his bosom and who thought to get clear of his cruel deed by invoking the feeling against seduction. Judging by the action of the county officials in not holding an inquest, and Judge Harlin's impeachable action in the matter, we were sure that the grand jury would play its part too, but all honor to it; it has found an indictment and Davis' brothers and relatives should prosecute it to the bitter end.

It won't always do to take the advice of a lawyer, as a California man has found to his sorrow. He was told by one that a certain newspaper article about him was grossly libelous and that if he allowed him to bring a suit heavy damages could be obtained. On the trial the newspaper showed the man up in such a bad light that the jury refused to give him anything. His expenses were \$500 and he has now brought suit against the lawyer for that amount alleging that his advice got him into the trouble.

NOTES OF CURRENT EVENTS.

—Jno. M. Glass, republican, has been elected mayor of Jeffersonville, Ind.

—Gov. J. S. Boynton, of Georgia, was married to Miss Sadie T. Harris this week.

—The importation of American pork into Greece has been forbidden by the government.

—Mrs. Lizzie Pearce, daughter of W. N. Haldeman, of the *Courier-Journal*, died Wednesday.

—Jack Brawley has been arrested at Charlotte, N. C., for attempting to rape a five-year-old child.

—Kate Kane, the obstreperous Milwaukee female lawyer, has been remanded back to jail without bail.

—The Governor of Alabama has signed contracts hiring out 400 of the State convicts to work in the mines.

—The Superior Court of Kentucky decides that a woman can sue for money lost by her husband at gambling.

—The Cincinnati Dramatic Festival is a grand success. Four thousand persons attended the first performance.

—The President has appointed Wm. T. Wood District Judge in place of W. Q. Gresham, appointed P. M. General.

—The jury in the Redman case for murder of Secrist, at Paris, disagreed, and he was admitted to bail in the sum of \$5,000.

—Agnes Robertson Boucicault's suit for divorce from Dion Boucicault has been discontinued in the New York Supreme Court.

—The ground upon which Cincinnati now stands is said to have been purchased by J. C. Symmes about ninety years ago at 67 cents per acre.

—An explosion in the Keystone Colliery mine near Ashland, Pa., killed a half-dozen or more miners and seriously injured a number of others.

—Russian authorities believe the Nihilists are preparing for simultaneous disturbances in various parts of the Empire during the coronation.

—A dispatch from Helena, Montana, of May 2, says: A heavy fall of snow is interfering with the progress of building the Northern Pacific Railroad.

—The public debt was decreased only about \$3,500,000 during April, owing to the fact that \$10,000,000 were paid out during the month on account of pensions.

—Gen. Strother, Consul General to Mexico, reports a general impetus in mining and other public enterprises in that country, the result of the rapidly-growing railway system.

—Geo. Wilson, a prominent citizen of Marion county, while getting over a fence with gun in hand, accidentally discharged it and the ball passed through his body killing him.

—The number of graduates from West Point this year will not equal the vacancies in the roll of Second Lieutenants in the army and the deficiency will be supplied by appointments from civil life.

—Judge Simrall has decided that the Willard Hotel Lottery fund shall be divided among the ticket holders who filed their tickets prior to May 1, after the sum of about \$5,000 has been paid for costs.

—Gen. Baum, during the seven years he was at the head of the Internal Revenue Bureau, collected \$850,000,000 in taxes for the Government without the loss of a dollar.

—The contract for building the dormitory of Central University has been let to Mr. M. E. Jett for \$15,200. The building will be three stories high and in accordance with the present structure.—[Richmond Herald.]

—Judge Barr, of the United States Circuit Court of Louisville, has decided that the Western Union Telegraph Company may take their ticker from the "bucket shop" of Bryant & Co. and Hodges & Co., of that city.

—Frank (Godfrey) and D. T. Johnston, living near Harrodsburg, had an altercation Wednesday over a passway which (Godfrey

claimed from Johnston's land. (Godfrey drew a knife and gave Johnston three fearful gashes. The wounds are supposed to be mortal.)

—Commissioner Bowman has received for free distribution 250,000 silk-worm eggs, the first instalment of 1,000,000, from Hon. P. W. McClintock, President of the American Silk Growers' Association at Memphis. Requests for large quantities have already been made from many portions of the State—from ladies mostly, to whom the industry is particularly adapted.

—The government tax on tobacco under the new schedule was changed Tuesday from 16 to 8 cents per pound. Tobacco has been held back for some time to get the benefit of this reduction. The revenue stamps were sold in large quantities at all the Internal Revenue offices on that day and enormous quantities of tobacco were moved.

—The Internal Revenue collections for this district for April were \$210,851, a considerable increase over the corresponding month last year. The tax on whisky shipped from the district for export the last three months, amounts to \$100,000, the bulk of the export being to Bermuda, as the effect of the non-passage of the extension bill. About 4,000,000 gallons are in bond in the district yet. Production about one-third of last year.—[Lexington Press.]

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE

"PRAISE THE LORD."

102 SHACKLEWELL LANE, DALSTON, LONDON, E. C. 4, 18, '93.

Dear Interior:

I thought best to call a brief halt in correspondence, until there should be something worth writing about; for, be it remembered, I am not a mere looker-on in London, but an Ambassador—on a Mission. When I can report something of the "King's business," I can well afford, also, to turn aside, and write of collateral events; but have not the heart to put them by themselves. When current topics and sketches of travel cease to be collateral, I shall not be an Evangelist, but a reporter. May the good LORD keep me in my higher vocation.

It is with unfeigned joy, therefore, that I can report the resumption of regular work, begun exactly with the beginning of the 7th week of our sojourn in the Metropolis of Israel. By no self-planning, but lovingly arranged thus by Him, who does not forget His name of "Wonderful Number," as we read in Daniel. If He numbers the hairs on His children's heads, surely He does the same with their days of service. I accept this inaugurating period of regular services, therefore, as a most happy omen, or rather token of Fatherly love, and go on all the stronger and better for it. Another link, in the circumstantial train that demonstrates, in the aggregate, to experience, what has before been accepted by faith. The order, note well, must ever be this: "Then shall we know, if we follow on to know." Happy experience never demonstrates what has not before been taken on trust.

Well, the good LORD set us at our dear old work of systematic soul-saving, last night, in Hoxton Hall, which is well-known in London, as headquarters of the "Blue Ribbon Army Gospel Temperance Movement." This is not to be confounded with the "Salvation Army" of modern wondrous fame. This latter is the vigorous outgrowth of the former, and already has gone far ahead of its parent in power and usefulness. As Mr. Booth is the acknowledged Centre and Head of the Salvation Army, so Mr. Wm. Noble is the founder of the Blue Ribbon Army Gospel Temperance Movement.

In America, one can hardly fully realize how intensely everything runs into organization, in England. It is part of the character of the people, shaped thus for many centuries. It has its advantages I am sure, though liable to abuse, and the ludicrous side of the subject has well been set forth by humorists; notably, by Dickens in the "Pickwick Papers," of the Grand Junction Ebenezer Temperance Association. Whatever is up—little of great—there must be a Chairman and Secretary and By-Laws and I know not what. If a Peer of the Realm can be obtained as a figurehead to almost any movement, it will move. Failing this an M. P. (Member of Parliament) is solicited. Should one not be available the next highest dignity at hand, is besieged, and Bishop of that, Dean of that, Canon of the other, Admiral or Esquire will lend their dignity for the time, to start the thing. Everybody must be introduced and vouched for and endorsed, or there is little chance of his getting a hearing.

Fancy my prospects then, humbly speaking, dropping down, as I did, on London, like a snowflake or a raindrop on the bosom, not of a river, as at New York, but of the Ocean. In these six weeks of patient waiting how the devil has tried to drive me wild by the suggestion of the insurmountable difficulties in the way, and the impossibility of getting a hearing in this Capital of the World. I am happy to say, he failed, not one of his infernal "fiery darts" being allowed to strike home, so that he has not succeeded in robbing me of a single meal, nor a night's rest from first to last. "Praise the LORD."

In bringing up everything fairly and squarely in this voracious narrative, as I have taken the public into confidence and propose no concealments, but simply to jot down things as they occur, to show how the LORD works and how the devil works; I may just say here, that before leaving America, I asked no letters of introduction from any one; not, however, refusing that any might come to me unsolicited. Of such, I had four, viz: one to Mr. Spurgeon, one to Mr. Noble, one to the Secretary of the London Y. M. C. A. and one to Mr. Andrew Jukes. The last, I have yet in possession, waiting a fitting opportunity to present in person. The others I put in the mail soon after reaching London, resolving to leave this whole matter of introductions and human endorsements entirely in the LORD'S hands, and not even seem to lean on them or desire them, by going in person to the various parties.

Mr. Spurgeon's response was prompt and to the point. He assured me that it would hardly be worth while to call on him, as

he had more Evangelists now than he was able to put to work. I acted on this very plain hint, and did not call. The good man evidently mistook me for an itinerant Evangelist in search of a job, if not a gospel tramp soliciting cold victuals. I suppose he is bored to death with such applications. At any rate, nothing came of that introduction, not even a personal acquaintance, which was the only thing I desired or expected.

The Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. asked me to call, which I did, at the rooms at Exeter Hall. He was kind and civil; introduced me to another Sec'y, who was also civil, and that was all that came of that introduction. The fact being, as I suspect, that, as a life glides the earth while truth is getting out of bed and putting on her sandals, the "evil report" of the Mountain Evangelist has outstripped the good, and these good men were shy in taking me by the hand or endorsing me. So were the brethren at Jerusalem shy of Paul at first and not his blessed ministry nor his longing desire to "join himself unto them." I find that the brethren are not ignorant of the LORD'S work through me, but they have evidently heard something more. The devil will always take care of that; so I shall have to patiently live it all down and preach it all to death, as I have been able to do many a time and shall by the LORD'S grace do many a time again. I do not complain—only put on record.

Wm. Noble—well named—acted a different part. He was exhausted and ill after a recent trip, but lost no time in asking me to come to his house, and from that moment, overwhelmed as he is with work, planned the meeting which began last night. He had visited America, and was only too glad to return, he said, part of the attention and kindness shown him by Americans. The very next day after our first interview, he was off for another provincial tour, which kept him a week or ten days out of London, but as soon as he returned never rested until the meeting was arranged for.

I had a first hearing at Hoxton Hall last Sunday week, which was really the first British audience of any size I had faced. The Hall holds about 1,000 or 1,200 and was full on that occasion. The LORD gave power to the word and 41 souls confessed the Savior. That service gave a Unanimous Committee, which was what Bro. Noble wanted, and from that time, nothing interfered with the opening of the revival services, but previous engagements of the Hall that had to be respected. Last Sunday, Marie and I went to Highgate to hold services in "Drill Hall," which led to making an appointment to preach a series of sermons there as soon as Hoxton Hall is finished. So we are fairly "in for it" again, thank the dear LORD; and no one knows fully how thankful we are.

At Highgate we were guests in the first elegant English home we have yet seen; and made the acquaintance of a charming family, father, mother, son and daughter, who all are consecrated fully to the LORD'S work, and the chief promoters of the "Drill Hall" Mission, of which, more anon, if the LORD will. The son and one of the daughters had been to America, and it was through a letter written to them by my dear friend Judge Lowe, of Dayton, O., that I received an invitation to preach at "Drill Hall." How wonderfully the LORD brings things around. We hope to know a great deal of this Mr. Green and his charming family in the days to come. Marie and the young ladies were mutually attracted. I may mention here, lest I should let it slip entirely, that, as we walked up the lofty hill on which Highgate is built, we saw a rough stone about two feet or more in height and breadth, around which was a railing, and over it an ornamental lamp. This, as duly set forth in an inscription, is the veritable stone on which Whittington (afterwards Sir Richard Whittington) sat and munched his crust, eat in arms, when he was about to leave London in hungering despair, and fancied he heard the Bow Bells ringing him back in these words: "Turn again Whittington thrice Lord Mayor of London." And he did turn back from this very stone at this very spot, and did make good the chimes of Bow Bells. All of which not only happened to Whittington in sixteen hundred and something, but has happened to many thousands before and since his time. It is the old story of divine and human energy that dreams dreams as Joseph did, or sees a spider spinning his web as the Bruce did, or hear bells as Whittington did, but in every case rise to bring it all to pass with a purpose that knows no shadow of wavering. Whittington and his cat stand in a niche by themselves in every Londoner's heart, and his legendary history has been an inspiration to many a discouraged heart since then.

Last night we had a very fine gathering in Hoxton Hall for Tuesday night. Nine confessions rewarded us 100 fold, and we dropped into harness again as naturally as if we had not been "at grass" for six weeks. Praise the LORD and pray for us still dear friends. Ever in Jesus.

GEO. O. BARNES.

PULASKI COUNTY.

Somerset.

—Mr. McCarty, of Harrodsburg, is visiting his mother and brothers here.

—Mr. Hansford's friends have persuaded him not to offer his resignation as Marshal, and he continues to act in that capacity.

—An election of officers of the Beaver Creek Mine was held last week, and Mr. A. W. Bugher, of Cincinnati, was elected President. There will be no change in the superintendents.

—Elder John I. Rogers, of Danville, preached at the Christian church here last Sunday. He has been engaged by the congregation here to preach for them every 5th Sunday in the year.

—Civil cases have been occupying the Court for several days; but there are yet several criminal cases to be disposed of. This is the last week of the term and but few civil cases have been disposed of.

—Jim Mulvey got his thumb badly cut in a row at Flat Rock, a few days since, and his recovery is reported doubtful. He has been out of the penitentiary only

about two months, by pardon. He was sent there about two years ago for the killing of Durham at the depot here.

—Mrs. Robert Gibson has been quite sick for two weeks, but is now recovering. Her daughter, Mrs. Richardson, of Ohio, is with her. Mrs. Chas. Mendell is visiting relatives in Cincinnati, and will be absent several weeks.

—Report has reached here that J. W. McKeith, of this place, who is traveling for J. M. Robinson & Co., of Louisville, met with an accident in the mountains a few days since, by which he lost his team and samples while trying to cross a swollen stream.

—The C. S. R. R. will commence running an accommodation train between this place and Cincinnati next Sunday, leaving here at about 10 o'clock, A. M., and reaching Cincinnati at 11 A. M., and returning, will leave Cincinnati at 1 P. M. and arrive here at 10 P. M.

—Sheriff Shepperd failing to complete his bond, his deputy, Mr. J. H. Watson has been appointed sheriff and has executed bond and entered upon the duties of the office, with Mr. Shepperd as deputy. Mr. Watson is one of our best citizens and will make an efficient officer. He is a democrat, and his deputy a republican.

A SLANDER REFUTED.

The Publication Reflecting Upon the Reputation of Evan S. Warren Proven Entirely False—Some Official Testimony.

[Two weeks ago, we published an extract from the *Courier-Journal* to the effect that Evan Warren had been pounced upon by a mulatto girl lying in wait and had been triumphantly carried off by her, she claiming that he was her lawful husband. That paper on Wednesday contained the following refutation, which, in justice to Mr. Warren, we give in full. If the conspiracy claimed to be true, a full investigation should be had and the parties brought to punishment.—Ed.]

Your publication, does me not simply an injustice, but an outrage; and the object, in part, of this communication is to give you the opportunity of making such reparation as it is possible by a publication of any denial of the scandal and your retraction of the libel. Simple justice demands that this much be done. The truth, so far as I know it is this: I know the mulatto girl referred to; I confess to have had an improper connection with her. It is, however, not true that I was ever married to her or to any other woman; I never went through a form of marriage with her; I never induced her to believe, nor did she ever believe, that I ever intended at any time a marriage with her; I never proposed or contemplated a marriage with her; she never published and never had a certificate of my marriage with her, and who ever denies these statements or affirms the truth of the reverse is both a liar and a base calumniator. As to the so-called scene on Preston street, this is the correct version: I had started to the barber's shop, and on Preston street, near the college, I met up with the girl, who was engaged in conversation with a white man, and when I approached within five or six feet of them I recognized both the man and girl, and the girl said, "Now I have got you," and I immediately retraced my steps, without saying a word, and went to the house of my sister. She did not touch me; she made no attempt to seize me; she did not attempt to drag me to a lamp; she did not give, in my presence or hearing, any statement the like of which is published in the *Courier-Journal*; she uttered no word, except the words I have given, with in my hearing; she did not lead me away passively or otherwise; I did not go away with her in the direction of Tenth street or in any other direction; I walked alone and uninterrupted by her after she made the remark, and in an opposite direction, as before stated. And this is substantially all that took place within my presence, sight or hearing, and whoever gives a statement contradictory of this, in such form as to indicate that I was the humiliated object of the girl's passion, seizure and domination, is both a liar and calumniator.

THE MOTIVE.

I ask still further space to publish what I have reason to believe, and do believe, to be the motive prompting this girl to her course. I charge it to be true that she is but the instrument in the hands of another person or persons to stab my reputation for the accomplishment of a selfish end; and for this belief I give the following reasons: Just before the Presidential election in 1880 the republicans of Boyle county had a jubilee in Danville at night. During the night a policeman was shot down, and I witnessed the occurrence. Two young men—Mock and Faulkner, by name—were accused of and arrested for the homicide. I am a witness for the Commonwealth. The case first appeared by change of venue on the docket of the Lincoln Circuit Court at its October term, 1882, at which time it was expected a trial of one of the defendants would be had. About one week before the case was to be called for trial, notices of my marriage to this girl were published by the *Courier-Journal* and *Evening Post* in the *Courier-Journal* the place of marriage was not given, but in the *Post* an having taken place at Aberdeen, O., on the 20th of October, 1882. I will here remark, parenthetically, that this notice in what the girl evidently referred to when she spoke of having published a marriage certificate, if, indeed, she used the word "certificate" at all. On seeing this publication, my brother, Dr. J. S. Warren, of Danville, Ky., inquired of the *Courier-Journal* its authority for the publication. In reply he received the following telegram, dated at Louisville, Oct. 21:

Some strange man, whom we do not know, brought in marriage notice and paid for its insertion. DAN E. O'SULLIVAN, *Courier-Journal*.

About the same time my brother, R. C. Warren, of Stanford, Ky., the Commonwealth Attorney for the Eighth District, requested Dr. Holloway, of Louisville, to inquire of the *Post* the authority for the publication of the marriage notice. A reply from him stated that the clerk of the office of the *Post* told him that he wrote the notice at the request of a brown-skinned negro woman, who said she was unable to write and who paid for the insertion. Hear in mind that the date of marriage in the *Post* is fixed on the 20th of October, at Aberdeen, O. Previous to these notices of marriage in the *Courier-Journal* and *Post* a telegram had been received in Danville from Cincinnati saying the marriage had taken place in that city. I have in my possession documentary and other evidence

of the absolute falsity of this notice and the telegram alluded to, and append to this letter copies of them.

About the same time my brother at Danville received an anonymous communication, written and mailed at Danville, referring to my marriage with the girl, and in the same connection to the "trial at Stanford." This was a few days only preceding the October term of the Lincoln Circuit, which began on the 4th Monday.

Finally, when this last calumny was published in the Sunday's issues of the Louisville papers, not a single copy of which (Sunday's issue) so far as I have been able to learn, is taken in Lincoln county, marked copies of each paper were sent to several persons resident in the county. I have never resided and do not now reside here. Why, then, were these papers, so pointedly marked, scattered among the citizens of this part of the State? The person who sent them may be unknown, but the reason of the sending is obvious. The Mock-Faulkner trial is to take place here, and some one considered it necessary, prejudicially, to affect my reputation in advance of the trial. To sum up the whole matter, I here challenge the girl Lou Smith or any of her backers, instigators or supporters or any believer of her statement to produce the slightest credible testimony of record or not of record tending to show that I ever married her or went through a form of marriage with her in Ohio or elsewhere. I denounce the statement as mean, cowardly and false, and the person who shall hereafter repeat it as a liar and calumniator.

A word as to why I have delayed a week in noticing these last publications. I first contemplated suing for libel. I desired first to consult with my brother, referred to as Com'lth's Attorney. I desired also to consult with other gentlemen of the legal profession whom I knew. I left Louisville on Monday following the publication for this purpose. My brother was not at home, but at the Pulaski Court engaged in a murder trial. I went there to see him and returned with him to his home in Stanford, from which place this letter is written. I am advised your paper will do me the justice I now seek. A reparation of this injury to my character, not money for a libel, is what I demand.

Copies of Massie Beasley's statement, Justice of the Peace in and for Brown Co., Ohio, and also of the Clerk of Hamilton county, Ohio, are herewith appended.

E. S. WARREN.

PROBATE COURT, HAMILTON COUNTY, O., JACOB B. MATSON, HARRISON JONES, CLERK. O. C. 20, 1882.—Samuel Warren, Esq.—Dear Sir: I have carefully examined the marriage indices from July 24, 1882, to date, and do not find the names of E. S. Warren or Luellen Smith upon the same during that period. Respectfully yours, HENRY BRUNY, Deputy Clerk Probate Court, Hamilton county, Ohio.

ANDERBEE, BROWN CO., OHIO, S. S.—I do hereby certify that no marriage between Evan S. Warren (white) and Lu Ellen S. Smith (colored) was solemnized by me on Friday, the twentieth day of October, 1882, or at any time during the month of October, 1882, or at any other time. I am the only magistrate here at this place who solemnizes the marriages in Hamilton county. If such a marriage as the above referred to had taken place I would have known it. MASSIE BEASLEY, J. P.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve. The greatest medical wonder of the world. Warranted to speedily cure Burns, Bruises, Cuts, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Chancres, Piles, Chilblains, Gores, Tetters, Chapped Hands and all skin eruptions, guaranteed to cure in every instance, or money refunded. A positive cure for Piles, 25c per box. For sale by Penny & McAllister.

A Blessing to All Mankind. In these times when our newspapers are flooded with patent medicine advertisements, it is gratifying to know what to procure that will certainly cure you. If you are bilious, blood out of order, liver inactive, or generally debilitated, there is nothing in the world that will cure you so quickly as "Electric Bitters." They are a blessing to all mankind, and can be had for only fifty cents a bottle at Penny & McAllister's.

LANCASTER ADVERTISEMENTS.

B. F. WALTER, SURGEON DENTIST. Office over Citizens National Bank. Office hours from 8 to 12 A. M. and from 1 to 5 P. M.

SAM M. BURDETT, ATTORNEY AT LAW. LANCASTER, KY. Will practice in Circuit and adjoining counties and Court of Appeals. [18-19]

H. C. KAUFFMAN, ATTORNEY AT LAW. LANCASTER, KY. Master Commissioner (Harris) Circuit Court. Will practice in all the Courts of Circuit and adjoining counties and in the Court of Appeals.

L. W. BURDETT & Co. —New owners and are running—

THE OLD FLOYD MILL!

On Dix River, 5 1/2 miles from Danville and 3 1/2 miles from Bryantville. They have put into the mill

ALL THE LATE IMPROVEMENTS

For making the best Patent Flour, but are making nothing but the pure Straight Flour, which has all the elements of a "white" mill and ground only by water; they make their Flour from pure country-saved wheat—no elevators. Try their Flour, for sale at the groceries in Danville. [18-19]

Landreth's

Garden

Seeds

In Bulk, and the Nicest Line of

FURNITURE

In Lancaster at the

"ENTERPRISE GROCERY,"

LANCASTER, KY.

Proprietors: GEO. D. BURDETT & CO.,

H. C. RUPLEY,

MERCHANT TAILOR.

Stanford, - - - Kentucky,

HEADQUARTERS

—AT—

W. H. HIGGINS'

—FOR—

Shelf Hardware, Iron, Spokes, Horse Shoe Nails, Buggy Shafts, Farming Implements,

Such as Oliver Plows, Melroe and Avery Double Shovel, and the Brinkley Turning and Single and Double Shovel and one-horse Harrow combined. No farmer should be without it.

Straw Cutters, Improved Hocking Valley Corn Shellers,

Evans' Corn Drills, Hand Corn Planters,

And the Best Pump in The Market, the Mayfield Elevator.

The unrivaled Jewel Range Cook Stoves, Step Stoves, Tinware, Bird Cages, Barbed and Annealed Wire, Lime, Salt, Cement, Plaster Paris, &c. A general stock of Groceries, Wooden, China and Glassware.

ATTENTION, FARMERS!

In order to get control of the best and most popular line of Agricultural Implements and Machinery, and also in order to enable us to purchase in such quantities as to obtain the largest discounts and lowest rates of freight, I have established branch Ware Houses and Agents at Uniontown, Lancaster and Richmond, and under this arrangement, we feel sure we can offer the Farmers

Many Inducements Over the Majority of Dealers.

I keep on hand at all times at my several Ware Houses a large stock of



Buggies, Carriages, Spring Wagons, Farm Wagons, Log Wagons,



Railroad Cars, Reapers, Mowers, Hay Rakes, Grain Drills, Broadland Seeders, Sulkey Harrows, Sulkey Plows, Walking and Riding Cultivators, Corn Drills, Corn Planters, Feed Cutters, Corn Shellers, Farm-ore, Rollers, and many other lines.



I am also prepared to furnish prices and estimates of all kinds of Engines, Saw Mills, Threshing Machines, Hay Presses, Straw Stackers, Wind Mills, Horse Powers, and various other kinds of machinery.

Parties in want of any goods in any line will

house nothing by seeing me before purchasing.



[Lancaster Spring Tooth Harrow.]

[Lancaster Harrow and Roller all kinds; also Hay and Wood.]

[Moline Sulkey Plow.]

GREEN & WILLIAMS, Managers Uniontown Depot

W. L. WITHERS, Manager Lancaster Depot

R. H. WEAREN, Manager Richmond Depot

(Iron Planter.)

THE CHIMNEY'S SONG.

BY FORT BART.

Over the chimney the night wind sang,
And chanted a melody no one knew;
And the woman stepped as the tale she found,
And thought of the time she had long ago lost,
And said, as her heart-strings lack she found,
"I hate the wind in the chimney."

Over the chimney the night wind sang,
And chanted a melody no one knew;
And the woman stepped as the tale she found,
And thought of the time she had long ago lost,
And said, as her heart-strings lack she found,
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PICKLED LIMES.

A Boarding-School Frolic.

L. FLOTTING MICHIE.

"Who likes pickled limes?" asked one.
"O, I do!" "And I!" "And I!"
shouted about a dozen of the other girls.
"All right! We'll each contribute a
few pennies, and have a regular feast
of pickled limes and stick-candy."

"That's so!" cried No. 2. "Won't
we enjoy them, though! My mouth
waters to think of it."

These young girls were all pupils in a
very aristocratic boarding-school not
many miles away, where everything was
conducted on system, and the young
ladies were expected to turn out perfect
models of intellectual womanhood. Some
did, but alas! for human hopes, very
many graduated with but one fixed
idea, namely: that boarding-school was
a place in which to have fun, and to
torment the teachers to the utmost of their
ability.

Miss Woodward was a fine principal
and a very discerning woman, but the
girls would get the best of her occasionally,
in spite of her keen eyes and ears;
and just now, after a whole month of
goodness, they were positively pining
for mischief, and had ransacked their
brains for something wicked enough to
shock the whole community.

The morning before, while their
worthy principal was taking her beauty-
sleep, some one had climbed up to the
veranda, and just before her window
had placed a most ridiculous caricature
of her august self, adorned with her
precious brown ringlets, and a set of
teeth that were supposed to have been
a profound secret. How they got out of
her top drawer on to that figure will al-
ways remain a mystery to Miss Wood-
ward. But there they were; so the poor
lady was obliged to pull the object in,
and stifle her indignation as best she
could, because 'twould never do to have
the story spread abroad.

The young Professor of Languages
had been tormented to such a degree
that, had it not been for an attachment
to the very ringleader of all the mis-
chief, he would certainly have thrown
up his situation for more peaceful
haunts; but, being hopelessly in love,
he bore it all, to the great disgust of the
girls, who daily expected some explosion
from him. Nothing was said, and, as
Miss Woodward had kept quiet about the
figure, they were quite melancholy,
and felt that nothing but great dis-
obedience, in some form, would com-
pensate for their disappointment.

One of the rules of the school strictly
enjoined the putting out of all the lights
by 9:30 o'clock, and the putting of one's
self quietly to bed; but here were these
girls this afternoon planning for pickled
limes and a good time in the evening,
after all the good people of the house
should be in their beds.

It was decided that, after tea, Nettie
Cutler, the very essence of fun and the
leader in all the mischief, should feign
illness and start for her room, but should
steal out the back gate and down into
the town for the goodies. So while the
others were in the dining hall, Nettie,
having been excused on account of a
severe sick headache, made her escape
and did all that was desired of her—and
more. She bought all kinds of dainties
the town afforded, then stole in and
went up stairs with her large bundle,
unseen.

At 10 o'clock, when they were sup-
posed to be sweetly sleeping, fourteen of
the fifty decorous young women in the
establishment were perched on Nettie's
bed, snacking pickled limes and discuss-
ing more mischief.

"If we could only do something to
exasperate Prof. Starns, I should be
satisfied," said Grace Darnley, who dis-
liked the professor for something the
same reason as the fox detested the
grapes.

They all sat usually thinking for about
a minute, nothing being heard but the
snack of lips over limes and candy.
Then, "Oh, girls, I have an idea!" from
Grace.

All mouths suspended motion.
"You know Mr. Woodward thinks
the professor is perfection itself, and
although he is about twenty years older
than he, thinks that those ringlets and
her bewitching manner have surely cap-
tivated him. Well, we'll send her a
touching love-letter, and sign his name;
won't that be fun, though?"

The other girls were astonished at
such a vigorous movement, because,
notwithstanding all their mischief, they
thoroughly respected the young man,
and did not wish to disgrace themselves
in his eyes. Nettie, although knowing
of his feelings for her, was quite

tenderly disposed toward him, and did
not care to see him tripped, and
perhaps led into marriage. They all
denounced some time, but were finally
overruled by Grace.

"He won't mind it a bit," said she;
"and think how mad 'twill make the
old man, when she discovers that we
are aware of her passion for him!"

That was sufficient; they all detested
her—as agreed.

A week from that night was to occur
a monthly social circle given to the
school, when the young ladies of the
town outside were invited, and also a few
irrepressible young men, who afforded
great amusement for the girls by their
meek and lowly appearance. It was de-
cided that in the letter a place and time
of meeting should be appointed. Time—
nine and one-half o'clock, social night;
place—Miss Woodward's private parlor.

The pickled limes and candy having
by this time all disappeared, the party
broke up with a parting injunction from
Grace to think upon an awful letter for the
old lady.

II.—EXECUTING MISCHIEF.

The next few days were busy ones.
Every spare moment was occupied by
the girls in writing and comparing love-
letters; but finally one was composed
which it was decided could not be im-
proved upon. It spoke of the over-
whelming passion the author had for
Miss W., and his utter inability to keep
it longer to himself. "Having fancied,
from several slight advances, that she
was not entirely indifferent to him, he
had ventured to address these lines to
her. He knew there was some differ-
ence in their ages, but if she would
overlook that, he would make her a
faithful, devoted husband. If she could
return his love, would she meet him in
his private parlor the next evening,
while the others were making merry
about stairs? And could he ask her to
make no sign until that time, as, in case
of a refusal, he would like to think of
her as his own, for a while, at least."

Grace had been spending hours trying
to imitate his handwriting, in which she
succeeded to some degree; but, being a
love-letter, the lady would scarcely think
of the writing simply of the supposed
writer.

One afternoon, two days before social
night, while the principal was out tak-
ing her "constitutional," the letter was
carried to her room and placed where
she would surely see it; then the girls
waited with some fear and trembling for
the result.

At the tea-table, that night, Miss
Woodward was late, and came in with a
peculiar expression of triumph on her
face that amused the girls, even in their
anxiety.

That she had read the letter was evi-
dent, for occasionally she would glance
down to the other table so happy, where
Prof. Starns sat unconsciously eating,
that, had the poor fellow been really an
anxious lover, it would have lightened
his heart considerably. But he, being
ignorant of the plot against his peace of
mind, was solemnly talking with one of
the other teachers; so Miss Woodward
restrained her raptures until the ap-
pointed meeting should take place.

That night the same fourteen conspir-
ators gathered again in Nettie's room to
talk over matters.

"Oh, dear," said pretty little Alice
Grant, "I wish we'd never had anything
to do with that old letter! I know
something horrid will turn up."

"That's so!" said Nettie; "and I
would not have Prof. Starns know that
I was in the scrape for the world!"

They all echoed the sentiment except
Grace, and even she did not seem so de-
spondent of mischief as formerly; but 'twas
done, and they must await the conse-
quences as best they could.

III.—THE CONSEQUENCES.

The next evening, while the young
professor was arranging his toilet for
the affair, a note was handed him by
one of the servants requesting his pres-
ence in the principal's parlor at half-past
nine. Supposing it to be some business
connected with school duties, he thought
little about the matter. Now this was
unknown to any but Grace. She had
decided to make the little plot more
complicated.

"I'll serve him right if he does get
into a scrape," thought she. "Perhaps
it will teach him to treat some of the
younger girls with a little more politeness."

About 8 o'clock they all came to the
long drawing rooms, looking as pretty
as new-blown roses. The rooms were
filled with young people, and of course
they straightway proceeded to enjoy
themselves.

Miss Woodward was arrayed in "spot-
less white," and looked the very ancient
maiden she was, notwithstanding her at-
tempts to appear extremely youthful.

Prof. Starns was enjoying himself
heartily, and never so much as looked
her way. "But," thought she, "his
because he is fearful lest the girls should
joke him. But they'll hear it to-mor-
row, for I shall tell them myself. After
so many years of waiting, I wish to be
the first to spread the news of my en-
gagement."

As the clock sounded the half hour
after 9, Miss Woodward skipped youthfully
fully out of the room down into her own
parlor, and a few moments later Prof.
Starns also left the room, followed by
many anxious eyes until out of sight.

As he entered the room, the principal
gave a little shriek of what was meant
to be joy, and rushed into his arms.

"Miss Woodward?" exclaimed the
astonished man, trying to shake her off.

"Pray explain yourself! What has
alarmed you?"

"O! Edward, this moment is too
much for me! Can I believe my own
eyes?" still clinging to him like grim
death.

The professor could scarcely believe

his senses, but, giving her a decided
shake, set her down on the sofa.

"Now, madam, please explain your-
self! You wished to see me on business,
and here I am! What is wanted of me?"

"Why, Edward," very tenderly,
"there is no need for such secrecy;
no one is within hearing but ourselves,
and you know, love, you wished an
answer to your note. It is here; I have
loved you from the moment I saw you,
and am willing to be your wife. The
sooner, the better;" and once more she
made a rush for his coat-collar.

To say that the young fellow was as-
tonished in but a feeble expression—he
was simply dumfounded. And the note!
What could it all mean? But, having
forcibly resisted the too-loving woman
again, he said:

With a look of great consternation on
her face, she produced it, and watched
him closely as he read.

"Miss Woodward!" after reading
slowly from beginning to end, "believe
me, I never saw this before."

"What! You didn't write it?"
shrieked the almost-frantic woman;
"then who did? Who has dared to
make such a fool of me? Who has
dared do it, I say?"

Now if the professor guessed, he said
nothing, but tried to calm the poor
woman, for he pitied her grief and
rage.

But 'twas in vain! In her raving,
she dropped off her beautiful curls, and
that was the "atraz" which broke the
camel's back; she fell to the floor in a
swoon. The young man, thinking she
would be better without him, took his
leave, and sent one of the servants to
her assistance; then went to his own
apartments to think it over.

That Nettie Cutler was at the bottom
of the mischief, he was certain, and he
suffered some sharp pangs to think she
cared so little for his feelings and those
of her teacher as to do such a thing.

After much meditation on the subject,
the poor fellow took himself to bed with
a heavy heart.

Miss Woodward was, with some diffi-
culty, tucked away for the night, and
her feelings were pitiable indeed. She
meant to be kind to the girls, and to
think they should do such an act (for
by this time she had thought of some of
her pupils as the authors) troubled her
greatly. Then, how should she ever
meet that fellow again? But, while
thinking over these things, she gradu-
ally fell asleep and forgot all her woes.

The mischief-makers themselves were
almost as uneasy as their victims. Not
much was said among them, but they
retired early; but none of them rested
well, and Nettie cried herself to sleep.

The next morning, as Nettie was go-
ing down the corridor, who should she
meet but the professor himself going
up. She attempted to pass with a sim-
ple "Good-morning," but he stopped.

"Miss Cutler, I could scarcely be-
lieve that you would be guilty of such a
deed as you performed at Miss Wood-
ward's and my expense. I have lost
respect for you!"

"Oh! Professor! I—we really didn't
mean to do any harm!" sobbed Nettie;
"and we thought you'd know 'twas all
in fun!"

"Yes! It must be remarkably funny
to hurt the feelings of your principal as
you have done," he said, sternly, and
passed on.

Nettie stood gazing after him with
tearful eyes. "If we hadn't had those
horrid old pickled limes to eat, we should
never have thought of it. Oh! he will
never look at me again! I wish I was
dead and buried!"

But, bless you! he did; he couldn't
help it. The girls went to their prin-
cipal, confessed their crime, and were
punished according to the deed; but they
were not expelled, to their great relief;
and Miss Woodward recovered from
her grief and disappointment in time.

The professor, after making friends
with Miss Nettie, and discovering that
she really was not the leader for this
time, found another professorship not
far away, and resigned his to a much
older man, who at last accounts was
intending to make the principal and him-
self one.

After Nettie became Mrs. Starns, she
would often say, laughingly, that pickled
limes were not good food for young
women—they encouraged mischief.

THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN RIFLE.

Fifty years ago no man considered
himself well equipped for adventure and
travel in the far West who did not carry
with him a Hawkins Rocky Mountain
rifle. The maker of these trusty weap-
ons, Samuel Hawkins, is still alive and
vigorous, though it is more than ninety
years since he appeared in the world.

His home is near St. Louis. He likes
to talk about the old days and the fa-
mous record of his hand-made rifles—
how Kit Carson carried one of them for
years, and William Ashley shot a buff-
loose head at 300 yards with another.

A farmer living not many miles from
St. Louis has the following warning con-
spicuously posted on his premises: "If
any man or woman's cows or oxen get
in this here oats, his or her tail will
be cut off, as the case may be."

An aged negro was one day showing
the scars of the wounds inflicted by the
lash when he was a slave. "What a
delight!" exclaimed a sympathizing
looker-on. "Yes," responded the col-
ored brother, "dat's de work ob one ob
de old masters."

"Tun Bible says, 'Love your neigh-
bor as yourself,'" the person remarked;
"but, of course, we must not take this
literally. If you manage to love your
neighbor one-hundredth part as much
as you do yourselves, many of you, it
will be all that can be reasonably ex-
pected of you."

ROGUE'S BRILLIANTS.

"How do your diamonds compare
with the genuine?"

"Put them side by side and you can't
tell them apart. Let me show you
some samples," and the dealer turned
to his iron safe and got out a box of na-
tural "diamonds" of about three carats
each. Handling the scribe a dainty pair
of tweezers he requested him to examine
the stones before the light. The report-
er picked up one of the gems as carefull-
ly as though it were a \$20,000 stone,
and held it before his optics. It sparkled
brilliantly, was cut perfectly, and
anybody but an expert would suppose it
to be a genuine diamond. The reporter
was tempted to slip the stone up his
sleeve, but he asked the price of it,
when, getting the reply, "One dollar,"
he dropped it as though it was poison-
ous.

"Here are some thirty beautiful speci-
mens," remarked the merchant as he un-
folded another paper and laid before the
scribe half a dozen stones about the size
of a door-knob. These were worn prin-
cipally by gamblers on account of their
extraordinary size. "They come at a
great deal higher than those others I
have shown you. I sell these at \$2.50
apiece, or a pair of them for a socio-
comic singer's earnings at \$4.25. They are
exceedingly brilliant, you see, and at
night shine like a locomotive headlight.
Here are a lot of little diamonds that sell
from 25 to 75 cents each." "Are those
made of paste or fish-tails?" "Oh, no;
I never deal in paste goods. These
stones come from the Sierra Nevada
mountains, and are cut and polished in
New York; and some are even sent to
Paris to be cut and are then returned to
this country. They are the best imita-
tion of the diamond made, and retain
their brilliancy forever. Not being as
hard as the diamond, care has to be
taken in not getting them scratched."

"You remarked before that the trade
was simply immense. I suppose that the
second or middle class of society are the
greatest purchasers of these imita-
tions?" "That's where you're wrong.

The principal buyers and wearers of
'snide' diamonds are those who move in
the highest society, and I'll tell you the
reason why. Let a lady who counts her
wealth by the hundreds of thousands ap-
pear in public with a pair of six or eight
carat 'diamond' earrings, and the people
never suspect that they are 'snide.' They
imagine that because the wearer is
wealthy she would never degrade herself
by wearing \$2 diamonds, but such is the
case. Hundreds of times have I matched
genuine diamonds for high-toned
ladies, and it was actually impossible to
tell them apart. You see, when a per-
son of wealth wears 'snide' diamonds,
they are anything else than genuine;
while, on the other hand, let a person in
more reduced circumstances wear gen-
uine diamonds, and everybody they meet
will turn up their noses and remark that
they are 'snide.' So that is the reason
the people of wealth can throw on so
much style with very little expense."

—Cincinnati Times-Star.

CASTELLAR'S ORATORY.

Before speaking he is restless and
cannot keep quiet an instant; he enters
the chamber, leaves it, re-enters, goes
out again, wanders through the corri-
dors, goes into the library and turns
over the leaves of a book, rushes into
the cafe to take a glass of water, seems
to be seized with fever, fancies that he
will not know how to put the words to-
gether, that he will be laughed at or
banned; not a single lucid idea of his
speech remains in his head; he has con-
fused and forgotten everything.

"How is your pulse?" his friends ask,
smilingly.

When the solemn moment arrives he
takes his place, with bowed head, trem-
bling and pallid as a man condemned to
death, who is resigned to losing in a
single day the glory acquired with so
many years of fatigue; at that moment
even his enemies feel pity for his condi-
tion. He rises, gives a glance around
him, and says:

"Snore!"

He is saved, his courage returns, his
mind grows clear, and his speech comes
back to him like a forgotten air; the
President, the Cortes, the tribunes dis-
appear; he sees nothing but his ges-
tures, hears nothing but his own voice,
and feels naught but the irresistible
flame which burns within him and the
mysterious force that sustains and up-
holds him.

"I no longer see the walls of the
room," he exclaims; "I behold a dis-
tant people and countries which I have
never seen."

He speaks by the hour, and not a
deputy leaves the room, and not a voice
interrupts him, not a gesture disturbs
him; not even when he breaks the regu-
lations has the President sufficient cour-
age to interrupt him; he displays at his
case the picture of his republic, clothed
in white and crowned with roses, and
the monarchists do not dare protest,
because, so clothed, they, too, find it
beautiful. Castellar is master of the
assembly; he thunders, lightens,
sings, rages and gleams like fireworks;
makes his auditors smile, calls forth
shouts of enthusiasm, ends amid a storm
of applause, and goes away with his head
in a whirl. —Spain.

ARGUMENT in company is generally
the worst sort of conversation, and in
books the worst of reading.

ALL good abides with him who waiteth
wisely.

One of our best citizens would say to
the public that he has tried Hall's Catarrh
Cure and it is all that is claimed for it.
Price 75c per bottle.

Catarrh is the seed of consumption, and
unless taken in time is a very dangerous
disease. Hall's Catarrh Cure never fails
to cure. Price 75c. Sold by Penny & Mc-
Allister.

SUFFER

no longer from Dyspep-
sia, indigestion, want of
Appetite, loss of Strength,
lack of Energy, Malaria,
Intermittent Fevers, &c.

BROWN'S IRON BIT-
TERS never fails to cure
all these diseases.

Posters, November 26, 1891.
BROWN'S IRON BITTERS.
Gentlemen:—For years I have
been a great sufferer from dyspepsia,
and could get no relief (having tried
everything which was recommended)
until, seeing on the advice of a
friend, who had been benefited by
Brown's Iron Bitters, I tried a
bottle, with most surprising results.
Previous to taking Brown's Iron
Bitters, everything ate distressed me,
and I suffered greatly from a
burning sensation in the stomach,
which was unbearable. Since tak-
ing Brown's Iron Bitters, all my
troubles are at an end. Cannot say
too much without any disagreeable
results. I am, precisely another
person.
Mrs. W. J. FLYNN,
303 Myerick St., E. St. Louis.

"Here are some thirty beautiful speci-
mens," remarked the merchant as he un-
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CHURCH DIRECTORY.

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Pastor. Services every Sunday morning and
night except the third. Prayer Meeting every
Thursday night. Sunday School at 9:30 A. M.
Rev. H. C. Morrison, Superintendent.

BAPTIST.—Rev. J. M. Barger, Pastor. Services
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night. Prayer Meeting every Wednesday
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offer for sale my Farm of 203 Acres, situ-
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Acres cultivation; balance in grass. Good spring,
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With a Full Corps of Teachers,
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